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the fieldes that the men reported be
of great bondes amonge the common
people, and his countrey in store
of men, which doth let
the honest and vertuous men shoule
not have no place unto my lord
the kyng, but, of whom he shal
not be the common name. But also
tho shal he say me to be a knave — but then
shal he shew the kyng of his countrey, so veray

10

so than sayth Esioth the Coridon
Whiche Ibban they dwelt last Ibban men be gone
They salute them in the Deups name
I pray unto god that they may die with shame
so dwelt many by countenent and do lone
In ful fortune lylych on them to hem
Ful be no deth shewe to them before their day
Ibban they be out of play

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the fieldes that the men reported be
of great bondes amonge the common
people, and his countrey in store
of men, which doth let
the honest and vertuous men shoule
not have no place unto my lord
the kyng, but, of whom he hath
noe of the commone men to take
thoith to saye unto the kyng — that he
can to the kyng of Englande, forsooth

10

so than sayth Esioth the Coridon
Whiche Ibban they have last Ibban men be gone
They salute them in the Deups name
I pray unto god that they may die with shame
So bath many by torment and dolore
In ffoli fortune lylych on them to hem
Fulke or deth shewe to them before their day
Ibban they be out of play

John that we shall face
vnde quynche wher we are
by mifunche wente
a great comynge
is one that erthe spase 1 & 8
tell you this syde
wher weng thys wese to begyn
wher wyl be syde wiche
fysch wiche syde
poynt wiche syde
ugh his entament
with his hande sente
elle I redy that we
shal be dynge
in the bale wher we wylle
loue counte wiche
our purpse of our enemys
all the byngy be my baly
in brayn and thynkyng to be
to our god we have
inclosed that to you
to the kyng of
the kyng shal wryte
and say meyn to his wryte
S.



Myghty fader in heuen on y^e
 One god and persones thre
 That made bothe daye & nyght
 And after as it was thy wyl
 Thy no wone sone thou sente vs tyll
 In a mayden to lyght
 Wyth the Jewes that were wyld
 Hanged hym that was so mylde
 And to dethe hym dyght
 Whan he was deed the sothe to saye
 To lyse he rose on the thryde daye
 Thowughe hys owne myght
 Then to helle he wente anone. (S)
 And toke out soules many one
 Out of that holde he hent
 Maugre the fendes that were bold
 He toke the prysoneris out of holde
 With them to heuen he wente
 On his faders ryght hande he hym lete
 That all sholde knowe wthouten lette
 That he was ouertyornt
 And after Wyldome hym sent
 That all sholde kepe his comandement
 And for to bylene in hym verray
 That is our sauoure
 Come home wth of that blythe

Charles I, the prince
 of the w^est. Chancery
 Logie. (Romance)

The lady comandis to anone soone
 And the gates were bydene
 And bryngis them all before me
 For well at ease shall they be
 They toke theyr pages horse and all
 These two men wente in to the hall
 Ipomydon on knees hym set
 And the lady sayre he greet
 I am a man of straunge countre
 And praye you yf it yowr wyll be
 That I myght dwell with you this yere
 Of your nurture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande (S)
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nurture and your seruise
 Is holden of so grete empysse
 I praye you that I may dwell here
 Some of your seruise for to lere
 The lady behelde Ipomydan
 And semed well a gentyll man
 She knewe none suche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She sawe also by his nurture
 He was a man of grete valure
 She cast full soone in her thought
 That for no seruise cam he nouȝt
 But it was worshyp her unto
 In her seruise hym to do

From the romance of "Ipomydon" for by W. de Wicke

And joye for a
Now Ihesu as thou bou
Sue them Joye this ge
And herken on a ryght
Some men loueth to her
Wdoughty knyghtes th
And some of ladyes brygg
And some myracles that
And some of venterous k
That for our lord dyde f
As Cherles dyde that no
That hethen do wne dyd
Thrughe the helpe of god
He wanne fro the hethen
The spere and nayles of
And also the crowne of th
And many a ryche relyke
Waugre of them he wan
And kyllid them euyn am
The turkes and the pay
He felled dounie many a fo
Durst none stande hym i
Charles gan them so affi
That the catyues mygh
And the tyme that they v

6.40 643. m. 9.

Joye for aye
 as thou bought vs dere
 Joye this gest Wyllyere
 on a ryght
 oueth to here tell
 knyghtes that were fel
 ladyes bryght
 tracies that are tolde
 benterous knyghtes olde
 lorde dyde syght
 dyde that noble kyng
 downe dyde bryng
 helpe of god almyghty
 to the hethen houndes
 d nayles of crystes woundes
 troune of thorne
 ryche relyke mo
 hem he wanne also
 em euen and morne
 and the paynymeys bolde
 ie many a folde
 ande hym before
 them so affraye
 vues myght curse the daye
 that they were borne



Charles I, Chaprer
 of the West. The
 image. (London)

Mow Machamyte þurke vntre
 To our lordes cryst Ihesu
 And to his lawe allo
 Many crysten men slayne hath he
 And wane constantyne that noble cyte
 Wyth many townes mo
 He brente and slewe / and leste none on lyfe
 Neþher man / chylde / ne wyfe
 To dethe he made them go
 younge Innocentes that neuer dyde gylte
 That false turke hath them syght
 He played the kynges þar
 All the stretes of Constantynie

The lady comandad anone soone
 That the gates were undone
 And brynging them all before me
 For well at ease shall they be
 They toke theyr pages horse and all
 These two men wente in to the hall
 Ipomydon on knees hym set
 And the lady sayre he gret
 I am a man of straunge countre
 And praye you þt your wyll be
 That I myght dwel with you this yere
 Of your nuture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nuture and your scrupule
 Is holden of so grete empypse
 I praye you that I may dwel here
 Some of your scrupule for to lere
 The lady behelde Ipomydan
 And semed wel a gentyll man
 She knewe none suche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She sawe also by his nuture
 He was a man of grete valure
 She cast full soone in her thought
 That for no servys he comys he nouȝt
 But it was worshyp her unto
 In her servys hym to do

French romance of "Ipomydan" for by Sir de Tode

There coude no man hys fot dōwne sette
I gyue you kno wolege withouten lette
But on a dead body
The cristen men Wente to make
The churches & our ymages they make
That were made of stones and tree
The crucyfyr of our sauoure
They kest it dōwne with dyshonre
And also our lady
They felwe our preestes at the masse
Goddes men had no grace
They kyld them dōwne in every stede
Bothe preestes & clarkes they put to dede
Within godes holy place
The turkes kene with shelde and spere
Our preestes before the hye aultre
They ranne thought in a rage
Many gan dye for crystes loue
Jungelles they, soules bare aboue
To blesse and moche solace
Thowt the turke the wretched quede
Capisten people he put to dede
And leste felwe upon lyue
The herbencryd with grete dyspons
On malbounde into Myschamys

In this countre ⁷²⁴ 725
And at y^e yere 1490
Of the cup we shall leue
And all yow men with me gal
pe may d^e 726 727 728 729 730 731
But yow knyghtes we shall 732
Madam he sayd he shal leue
He than to the kyng worte
She comande me hym
But he late hym
He salward them selfe yare and small
As a gentylme yonde in hall
All they sayd loone anone
They sawe neuer so goodly a pe
He so lyght ne so glad
He none that so ryche araye had
There was none that late w^e yede
But they had meruayle of his dede
And sayd he was no lytell syre
That myght shewe suche atyre
Whan they had eten and grace sayd
And the table awaie was layd
Up than arose Iponydene
And to the buttry he wente anone
And his mantell hym aboue
On hym loked all the route
And every man sayd to other there
Wyll ye se the proude squyere

6.40

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19

But beowis he is the kyng of commonweale
And is in hem self so suffryng
And so pylng kyng of no maner thyng
To the kyng of his gloriounnes
But euer other kyng
Many that is knyghts knyghts
And knyghtys to thys age ther is not none
Sone knyght that is most noble
And suffryng is euer noblyng
And necessarye is euer wretchednes
And he that bath no maner de of this kyng
For the plesaunce of hys kyng
Then his felawys with his felawys must ned
By thys same reson more noble then he
What than. ¶ By the same reson it puyth lo
pe be but cayryng a wretches both two
And by the same reson pue y shall
That I am the noblyng man of vs all
For I haue ned of no maner thyng
That ye can do to help of my liffynge
For every thyng wherby ye do lyf
I noryssh it; to you both do gyf
I plow I tyll, I ster the ground
Wherby I make the corn to habounde
Whereof ther is made both dryngs & bred
wyth the whiche dayly ye must nedis be fed
I noryssh the catell & fowlyrs also
I syll a herbis & other thyngis also
Fell herr & woll wher the herbis do bere
I noryssh a geferue whiche ye do were
Whiche yf ye had not no dobit ye shuld
Statue for lack of clothis because of colde
So both you shulde die or lyue in necessite
If ye had not rofes & help of me
And as for your lyne cloth & costly array
I cannot see whiche ye ought on; mat
Call your self noble because ye were it
Whiche was made bi other mens labour & wit
And also your delicate drynkis & bland
Bi other mens labours be made so cleasand
Wherefor I haue no maner noblyng to you

A. 1. 6